

Dick Of Death (live 1995)

Pansy Division

When I met him he was nice enough
For a shot man trying to act real tough in a bar
That kind of attitude won't get you very far
His shirt was open and I saw his chest
A salt-and-pepper, soft and furry mess
You know how that turns me on
Then he took my hand
And ran it over the outline in his pants
He had the dick of death
And so I closed my eyes
And tried to fantasize about this dick of death
We grabbed a cab and went away to my place where we
Dropped our clothes so fast you'd think we were racing
I couldn't wait to see it for myself
There it was, staring up at me
Long and perfect, boy, was I ever lucky (yeah)
He kissed me and we fell down on the bed
Then he took my hand
And let me guide him into my promised land
He had the dick of death
I looked into his eyes
And let him sodomize me with his dick of death
I'd never seen one
Quite this big before
When he's soft he's nearly
Hung down to the floor
I don't know if I love him
But I love is dick of death

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